

CATHOLICS AND RELIGIOUS ART

— Maurice Lavanoux

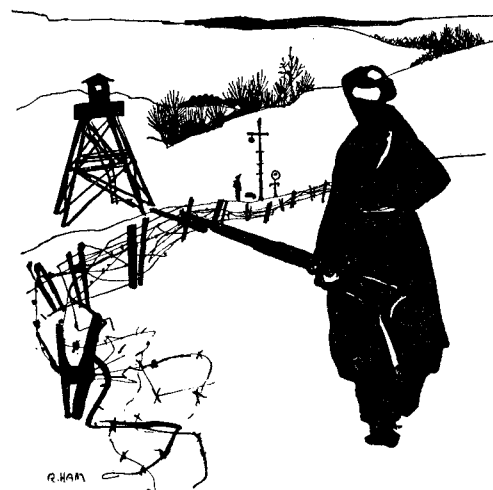
THE
Commonweal

The Kinsey Approach

by Karl Stern

**Why the Germans
Chose Adenauer**

by Waldemar Gurian



Volume LIX, Number 2

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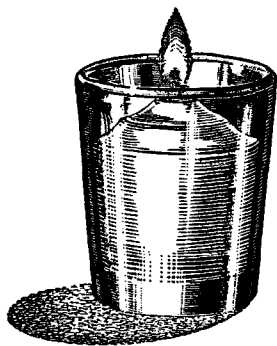
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THE COMMONWEAL
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EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Editor*
JOHN COGLEY: *Executive Editor*
JAMES O'GARA: *Managing Editor*

Assistant Editors:
WILLIAM P. CLANCY, WILLIAM PFAFF

Associate Editors:
The Labor Movement: JOHN C. CORT
The Screen: PHILIP T. HARTUNG
The Stage: RICHARD HAYES

Contributing Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM, ANNE FREMANTLE
JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE Commonweal

week by week

THE POPE ON WAR CRIMES

CYNICAL men, who call themselves realists, say there will always be war. This is a view which the Papacy has never shared. As modern wars have become things of increasing horror, the Popes have devoted an ever larger share of their public and private efforts and official statements to the cause of peace.

Perhaps if one were to take a poll on the possibility of outlawing war or reducing its cruelty, popular opinion might conceivably brand such efforts as hopelessly idealistic, if not downright eccentric. Yet the statements of the Popes on war and peace have always been eminently sensible, and it must be rated as one of the tragic ironies of our time that men who live out their lives under the shadow of the H-bomb can describe efforts to put an end to war as hopelessly impractical.

Over the years there has grown up a solid body of Papal thought on the subject, one which is, unfortunately, too little known and heeded, even by Catholics. Now Pope Pius has added another item to this long list of statements and documents by delivering a significant message to the sixth International Congress on Penal Law.

Like his predecessors, Pope Pius XII is a firm believer in collective action among nations. What he specifically proposed in this instance was a World Penal Code for war criminals. The Pope is not blind to conditions in the world today—quite the contrary. “The community of nations must reckon with unprincipled criminals who, in order to realize their ambitious plans, are not afraid to unleash total war,” he said. Nor does he think such nations will be deterred from their ambitions by soft words or appeasement. “This is the reason why other countries,” he said, “if they wish to preserve their very existence and their most precious possessions, and unless they are prepared to accord free action to criminals, have no alternative but to get ready for the day when they must defend themselves.”

The right to such self-defense, the Pope made very clear, cannot be denied to any nation. But, he said, “That, however, does not in any way alter the fact

that unjust war is to be accounted one of the very gravest crimes that international law must proscribe, and the authors of it are in every case guilty and liable to punishment that has been agreed upon.”

EVEN in a just and necessary war, the Pope pointed out, some acts are deserving of punishment. Here he specifically mentioned such crimes as mass shootings of the innocent as a reprisal for the behavior of one individual, the cruelties of concentration camps, mass deportations, the use of force against girls and women, and the like. Those persons guilty of such conduct, even if they were participating in a just war, should be brought to trial before an international court, the Pope said.

Perhaps to keep the non-Communist nations from growing too smug, the Pope here made a criticism of the Nuremburg trials. Noting the excesses to which even the nation with a just cause is tempted in time of war, he said: “One who is outside the quarrel feels that there is something wrong when, at the end of the hostilities, he sees that the conqueror himself has been guilty of similar deeds toward the conquered. The conquered may undoubtedly be guilty; the judges may have a clear sense of justice and desire to be entirely objective; nevertheless, in such a case the interests of the law and the confidence that the sentence is to command will often require that neutral judges be added to the tribunal and that the decisive majority depend on them.”

Clearly, the Pope was not under the illusion that agreement on such an international code would be easy to achieve. “Whoever lives by injustice cannot contribute to the formulation of law,” the Pope said, “and he who knows himself to be guilty will not propose a law that establishes his guilt and hands him over to justice.” But even in the case of the nations which fit this description the Pope did not despair, expressing instead the hope that agreement may be reached with them “bit by bit on essentials.”

The goal is the creation of a code which will operate to check injustice and insure a rule of law in

international life, much as positive law now does in the domestic life of all nations. The most cursory consideration of the possibilities now afforded to war criminals by modern technology will make obvious why the Pope feels that the sooner efforts for such a code are begun, the better.

FATE OF THE POLISH PRIMATE

IN countries like Ireland and Poland it is often difficult to separate love of country from love of Church. For persecution of both has been the work of foreign conquerors, and Catholicism has imparted a distinctly Christian character to the national way of life. Ardent patriotism of this sort when coupled with a willingness to die, if necessary, for religion's sake makes for the stiffest sort of popular resistance. It explains why the Moscow-sent puppet Polish government has not dared until recently to embark on a policy of full-scale religious persecution.

The objective of subduing the Catholic Church in Poland, however, has never been absent from the minds of that unhappy land's new masters. Ever since the puppet government took things over after the war it has sought to discredit the Church by such devices as hailing into court individual members of religious orders on charges of "immorality" or of evading currency regulations. Catholic publications and schools have been shackled, training of new priests interfered with and Catholic charitable activities taken over by the state. At the same time the government has given a terrific impetus to a separatist movement for an independent Polish church. But despite the ominous handwriting on the wall, Polish Catholics until very recently were considerably less hampered in their right to worship than their co-religionists in the other Iron Curtain countries.

NEXT WEEK

Fourteen years ago in a mass circulation magazine MILTON MAYER wrote an article that led to a lively discussion all over the U.S. "I Think I'll Sit This One Out!" the article was called. Next week The Commonwealth will publish a sequel to that article: "Sit *This* One Out?"

"My position fourteen years ago was not religious. I decided against war on rational grounds, and proclaimed myself a moral and social revolutionary. War, I thought, required men to violate their moral and social nature and employed, in its own nature, disproportionate means to the ends it pursued. I was sure—so young was I—that the Second World War would fail, like the First, to save the world for democracy."

Viewed in this context, the deposing of Cardinal Wyszynski from his post as Primate of Poland, and from his archiepiscopal see, can mean one of two things. Either the Kremlin is attacking the Church in Poland head-on as the backbone of an anti-Soviet resistance which is now causing the Russians increasing difficulty, or the Soviets are so confident that control over Poland is securely consolidated that popular feeling can be trampled with impunity. This action against the Primate is but the climax of a series of attacks—such as the recent Moscow-type trial and twelve-year sentence of Bishop Czeslaw Kaczmarek of Kielce.

The Church in Poland, then, is confronted by a prospect of the greatest trial—her leaders discountenanced, deposed and imprisoned, her voice silenced, and even certain of her members induced to abandon the beleaguered household. These are days when Catholics the world over suffer and pray with the people of Poland in their harrowing ordeal.

DECLINING U. S. MERCHANT MARINE

AS the state of the American shipping becomes more widely known, there is more and more support for a bigger government subsidy. Many factors are responsible for the decline: truce in Korea, the tapering off of foreign aid, lower wages and shipping costs on foreign ships, the greater proportion of passengers going by plane, and the fact that so many of the American carriers built during World War II are no longer "competitive."

A new vessel steaming into a foreign port is a symbol of a nation's proficiency, enterprise and desire to trade. However, the growing demand for additional funds here in the United States appears to be less a matter of pride than of stern necessity. For the day appears to have passed for impressing other nations with American enterprise and know-how; our proficiency has come to be generally known.

The weightiest argument for new ship subsidies is in terms of national defense. The United States is forced to have in readiness the most extensive shipbuilding facilities, if not a considerable number of fast ships. Comparative costs being what they are in other countries, a subsidy is the only way to do it.

THE PRISONERS

THAT progress of man from singleness to statistic which characterizes much in our century has had its effect now in the status where desolation seemed perfected: that of the prisoner of war. Once, to be a prisoner of war was bad, but there were certain standards. Then came World War II

and standards fell to sadism. Soap factories and death marches seemed to be about as far as one could go.

But men surpass themselves. Now there is not so much sheer brutality; there is now psychological surgery, the perversion of loyalties.

Twenty-three Americans, young enlisted men, were captured by the Communist forces in Korea early in the war. Some had held left-wing sympathies (whatever that may mean) prior to their military service, but most were average as average goes in the army. They were held for approximately three years by the Communists, and now have chosen to stay with the Communists. That, in itself, is conceivable. What is all but incredible is that they arrived at the Korean neutral zone last month singing the *Internationale*, and subsequently issued a press statement in pure Communist jargon. They said that the fact that "fifty-six Communist Party leaders [are] already sentenced to long terms in prison [in the United States] because of their political beliefs" was among their motives for staying in a land where "there is no contradiction between what is preached and what is practiced—a society where there is freedom for our ideas." They added that "we know that our stand against America's aggressive war policy is the real stand of the American people." This sort of nonsense is what gives an observer a sinking in the pit of his stomach. Why do Americans suddenly change not just their beliefs, but their way of talking?

And the men returning from the South of Korea to the neutral zone show something else again: an absolute hatred of Communists. Many deserted the Communists during the fighting and voluntarily came over to the Allied side. Their right to asylum was the reason the Korean war extended a year beyond the date when an armistice might have been

signed. These are the last-ditch men. In a deliberate attempt to return as many prisoners as possible, the UN Command had put to each the question: what would you do if you were forced to return to the Communists? And only those who threatened to commit suicide, or to resist repatriation to the death, were accepted for political asylum.

The Indians, in charge of the Neutral Nations Repatriation Commission, unquestionably have a terrible problem trying to dam this maelstrom of hysteria and hatred. Unfortunately, they seem to have gone into the job assuming that the UN Command probably was wrong and the Communists probably right. Their decision on rules for the prisoner interviews tended to favor the Communist side, although this is a matter in which there is no easy solution, and their first message to the prisoners carried a loaded assumption that the prisoners really wanted repatriation and had been deprived of it, presumably by the Chinese Nationalists and the Americans.

So as things stand, these anti-Communists face a long series of lectures (including personal interviews) before December 23rd brings an end to the persuasion. If they hold out that long, they will be freed in a neutral country. Until then, they are not so much men given a free choice as pawns. The Communists want them; to lose them will be a major propaganda defeat. The UN wants to keep them from returning to the Communists, for undeniable propaganda reasons, but beyond that for a principle—for a principle worth a year of war. The pawns are men who once set out rice, who once sold noodles on village streets, who once led ox-carts along roads where autos had never broken the silence of night and season. They walked into an explosion of history and have discovered the meaning of words like Communism and political asylum.

"DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS"

EARLY last June, one Thomas Davin, a writer and editor who once worked on *Cosmopolitan* magazine and later on the defunct Manhattan daily *PM*, testified before Senator Jenner's subcommittee on internal security. Mr. Davin, who appeared at his own request, refused to answer many of the questions put to him by Robert Morris, the subcommittee's counsel. For instance, when he was asked: "Mr. Davin, have you been in charge of Catholic work for the Communist Party?" Davin answered: "I decline to answer that, sir, on the same grounds as I gave before." His refusals were based on the Fifth Amendment. Then he was asked: "Have you ever sought to influence the policy of the Commonweal magazine?" Again Mr. Davin re-

fused to answer. He also declined to say when he had last visited the offices of this magazine.

To this day—some four months later—there has been no attempt on the part of anyone involved in this exchange to get in touch with the editors of *The Commonweal*. We read about Thomas Davin's testimony in the newspapers. That was the first time that four of the five active editors of *The Commonweal* ever even heard of the man. He was, however, previously known to Edward S. Skillin, editor-in-chief of *The Commonweal*. The same day the story broke, Mr. Skillin gave a statement to Religious News Service which later appeared—at least in part—in the *Tablet* of Brooklyn, in the *Washington Post* and perhaps elsewhere.

Mr. Skillin said: "I recall that [Mr. Davin] was a college acquaintance of a former assistant editor who left this magazine in the '30's. Mr. Davin has never published anything in *The Commonwealth*. To the best of my recollection he visited this office only two or three times, the last visit being in 1938." This much was published in the *Tablet*. Mr. Skillin actually completed this statement: "I have no way of knowing whether or not he was assigned by the Communist Party to influence the policy of *The Commonwealth*. But if he was, his failure was monumental, as our consistently anti-Communist policy of almost thirty years will show." The fact is that Mr. Davin had no influence whatsoever on *The Commonwealth*. Not a line by him ever appeared in the magazine. He never attended an editorial conference, and his dealings with past editors were limited to the casual encounters of people who use the same elevator or find themselves seated at nearby tables at the same restaurant. (For a time Davin's place of business was located at 386 Fourth Avenue, where our office—as well as a couple of dozen others—is located.) Mr. Skillin is the only present staff member who was with the magazine in 1938—the last time Mr. Davin called at the office of *The Commonwealth*.

Two months after Davin's testimony was released to the press—early in August—a four-part interview with Senator McCarthy, largely friendly in tone, was released by the North American Newspaper Alliance. It was published in the *Detroit News*—perhaps elsewhere too, but that is where we saw it. In the course of the interview appears the following exchange between the reporter and Senator McCarthy:

The questioner asked the senator to comment on the general complaint that, regardless of who criticizes McCarthy, the inevitable McCarthy answer is: "He's pro-Communist."

"I'd have to know what critics you have in mind," McCarthy answered.

The *Commonweal*?—"I never said the *Commonweal* was Communist," says McCarthy. "I just said that, in front of the Jenner committee, one of its writers refused to say whether he is* a Communist or not. From that you can draw your own conclusions."

We might have missed that issue of the *Detroit News* if it had not been that a garbled version of the senator's accusation reached our ears. By the time it got to us by word of mouth, it had been built up somewhat. Senator McCarthy was supposed to have told the reporter that two of *The Commonwealth's* present editors refused to say whether or not they were members of the Party.

We wrote to Senator McCarthy then, called his attention to the story in the *Detroit News*, and asked him

* Davin denied that he is now a Party member, but declined to answer whether he ever had been.

(a) whether or not the quotation in the *News* was at least substantially what he told the NANA reporter, and, if so, (b) would he name the *Commonweal* writer who refused to state before the Jenner Committee whether he is a Communist or not. We know of no writer for *The Commonwealth*, past or present, who has even appeared before the committee, we told the senator. We asked for a prompt reply and held off comment in the magazine until we heard from Mr. McCarthy.

About five weeks later a letter arrived from Senator McCarthy's office. Here it is verbatim:

Dear Mr. Cogley: I would appreciate knowing what connection Thomas Davin has with *THE COMMONWEAL*—whether he writes for it, whether he has any voice in determination of policy, etc.

This letter is not being written as Chairman of the Investigations Committee but merely as an individual Senator. With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

JOE MCCARTHY

I answered by repeating that Mr. Davin is not and never has been a writer for *The Commonwealth*. I quoted Mr. Skillin's statement as it was published in the *Brooklyn Tablet* and added: "You will be interested in knowing, too, that the assistant editor who was a college acquaintance of Mr. Davin had severed his relations with the magazine while it—*The Commonwealth*—was still owned by the Calvert Associates and edited by the late Michael Williams. The present owners—the *Commonweal Publishing Company*—took over the magazine in 1938."

I repeated the substance of the earlier letter that was sent to Senator McCarthy on behalf of *The Commonwealth* in August and added:

If you were under the mistaken impression that Thomas Davin had ever written for *The Commonwealth*, or that he has any connection whatsoever with the magazine, may we ask for a public correction? If you were not quoted even substantially in the *Detroit News*, may we ask you to draw this to the attention of the North American Newspaper Alliance so that *The Commonwealth* may be cleared?

There has been no reply so far—but that is understandable, since Senator McCarthy, always a busy man, has been on his honeymoon. But this is the way things now stand between Senator McCarthy and *The Commonwealth*, as far as we know. We feel that Senator McCarthy made a statement about *The Commonwealth* which he cannot now, or could not then, back up and then added an irresponsible innuendo ("From that you can draw your own conclusions"). There is always the possibility, of course, that he was outrageously misquoted by the *Detroit News*, but that seems highly unlikely—the pattern is too familiar.

JOHN COGLEY.

The Kinsey Approach

THERE IS A SUBTLE, HIDDEN DESPISING OF NATURE IN THE RECENT REPORTS ON SEX BEHAVIOR; THE DESCENDANT OF THE PURITAN IS PREACHING A NEW GOSPEL.

KARL STERN

“SEX is a beautiful thing.” Eddie Doherty begins the biography of his wife Catherine with this quotation from her. Catherine Doherty was right, and it is a pity that not everyone agrees. We all are still under the cloud of Jansenism (or, in the Protestant version, Puritanism), and we do not look at the physical aspect of love as what it is meant to be. Vladimir Soloviev pointed out in one of his most beautiful essays how man and wife, in the sexual union, are co-lovers, not only co-creators, with God. It took the most extraordinary contortion of the human spirit to reach the conclusion some Christians have arrived at, that the carnal in itself is un-natural, “bad” or “dirty.” Therefore, everybody agrees that the ways in which instruction on sexual matters is given has often been determined by the neurosis of the instructor dressed up in the guise of moral principles.

I see examples of this in my professional practice. The opposite, namely an amoralist instructor producing utterly distorted views of the matter, has not been studied as frequently. In these matters only that which is “natural” is right. Therefore only he who has a true concept of the *nature of Man*, will have the right approach.

Mrs. Doherty’s statement would be regarded as unscientific by Dr. Kinsey and his associates* because it contains a judgment of value, though not the sort of judgment of value Dr. Kinsey disapproves of most. Dr. Kinsey is a zoologist, an expert on the gall wasp, and he felt that we could arrive at the objective truth about the sexual aspects of man’s life only if we studied it on a large scale with so-called taxonomic methods, as they are used for the study of animal life.

The task was formidable, and right in the beginning obstacles were encountered which, naturally, the gall wasp never presents. “In a physical universe, or even in measuring dead insects, it is possible to choose the

cases which enter into any sample by some carefully planned system of randomization which avoids bias on the part of the investigator, and minimizes those fortuitous circumstances which account for the irregular distribution of particular kinds of individuals within a population. By the same token, the ideal set-up in a human study would involve a preliminary survey in which every person in the total population, or a randomized percentage of all persons, would be required to provide the information which would allow him to be classified on the basis of the items involved in the analysis of the problem.” This ideal set-up does not occur. “Unfortunately,” the Kinsey report states, “human subjects cannot be regimented as easily as cards in a deck, and the investigator of human behavior faces sampling problems which are not sufficiently allowed for by pencil and paper statisticians.” Many investigators might have been discouraged right then and there but the Kinsey team went ahead and attempted to overcome the potential error inherent in the method of obtaining “material.”

The method of sampling was approached with the most cautious and painstaking considerations. Yet some learned statisticians still maintain that the sampling is so loaded as to invalidate the aim, namely to improve by a statistical survey on the purely qualitative descriptions of previous authors. What has been missed through the difficulties of the method of sampling is made up by the technique of interviewing. “Interviews are held in places that are as attractive and comfortable as the subject’s social background may demand.” In summing up the setting of the interview, Dr. Kinsey remarks that “one does the sort of thing that a thoughtful host would do to make his guests comfortable, but always easily so that the subject is not aware that they are designed to put him at ease.” However, if the subject thinks he can get away with a cozy chat he is mistaken. Dr. Kinsey describes the method of “rapid-fire questioning” which is so familiar from other settings. “Such a rapid fire of questions provides one of the most effective checks on fabrication, as detectives and other law-enforcement officials well know. It would be practically impossible for a person who was deliberately falsifying

* Alfred C. Kinsey, W. B. Pomeroy, C. E. Martin, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*. W. B. Saunders Company. \$6.50.

Alfred C. Kinsey, W. B. Pomeroy, C. E. Martin, P. H. Gebhard, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*. W. B. Saunders Company. \$8.

to answer the many questions that are asked concerning the details of his activity, when the questions come as rapidly as they do in our interviewing. Looking an individual squarely in the eye, and firing questions at him with maximum speed, are two of the best guarantees against exaggeration."

PAINSTAKING and cautious as Dr. Kinsey is when it comes to questions of statistical evaluation, he is remarkably brash and sweeping when it comes to problems of moral philosophy. This is the more striking since in this case he is actually outside his field. "The mores, whether they concern food, clothing, sex, or religious rituals, originate neither in accumulated experience nor in scientific examinations of objectively gathered data. The sociologist and anthropologist find the origins of such customs in ignorance and superstition, and in the attempt of each group to set itself apart from its neighbors."

It is probably in this connection that some reviewers use the word "courageous" to describe Dr. Kinsey. I have been looking through both volumes, eager to find a scientific method to investigate the validity of ethical principles, but this is where I felt more let down than in any other respect.

The terminology is understandable on the basis of the original premise. The subjects are referred to as human mammals or human animals. (However, these expressions are used much more frequently in the first volume, on the male, than in the second volume, on the female, and it is possible that, unconsciously, a residual of ancient mores slipped into the style.) For the purposes of statistical evaluation any sexual activity, regardless of its nature, is called a "sexual outlet."

The uneducated reader, not initiated into this kind of science, may be baffled to see in the chapter on "premarital coitus" (in the volume on the female) a sub-heading "Mammalian Backgrounds." His confusion is immediately straightened out by a poignant observation: "While human custom and man-made law may make a sharp distinction between coitus which occurs before marriage and the identical physical acts when they occur within a marriage, it is important to realize that physically and physiologically they are one and the same thing in man, just as they are in the lower animals."

That second volume, on the female, is, if anything, even more thorough than the first one although the number of interviewees is considerably smaller. Nothing, from nocturnal dreams to the drawings on toilet walls, remains un-investigated. Whatever can be counted at all, is presented in figures, percentages and graphs.

It is not the purpose of this article to give a summary of the findings. Anyone in North America able to read must by now know a good deal about them. As indi-

cated above, there already exist several detailed studies on the sexual function of man. They are available in all larger libraries, and there is little in Dr. Kinsey's volumes which one cannot find in earlier manuals. Therefore it is astonishing to see that the work is treated by a considerable number of reviewers as if it were the first time that varieties of "sexual behavior" were studied with objective detachment. Whatever adverse criticism there has been, has dealt mainly with the validity of sampling and with similar technicalities.

ANY reviewer who attacks this work on basic principles which appear to be extrinsic to the study itself has to be prepared to be put into the non-objective, "unscientific" category. He will be told that the public is enlightened enough to see that no sexological Galileo will be muzzled by obscurantists. Or, worse luck, it will be hinted that he must have a personal axe to grind (the Put-Your-Adversary-On-The-Couch technique so famil-



iar from discussions on psychoanalysis). Whatever he does there are three strikes against him before he can even move up to the plate.

But let us venture a critical look at the Reports anyway. Fallacy number one in the case against Kinsey is the assumption that values are non-transcendental and lie on the same plane as the function investigated. This means that human values, moral ones in particular, are contingent on, and a product of, biological, social and economic data which themselves are arbitrary and shifting. This is a widely accepted basic creed pervading the cultural atmosphere of North America; you might call it the fine people's Dialectic Materialism. Is it not possible that Dr. Kinsey has already accepted this creed only because by now it happens to be traditional? This would be the same error he ascribes to those poor fish, the believers in a Judaeo-Christian morality. At any rate, the burden of the proof actually lies with the investigator.

People feel less emotional about aesthetic than about moral values; therefore let us take an example from

aesthetics. Let us assume a surveyor found out that in a given area of North America ninety-seven per cent of the population prefer a painting by Norman Rockwell to a painting by El Greco. This is no proof that Rockwell is better than El Greco. It could be the other way round. But this one cannot prove either. No matter how much one tries there is no scientific method to prove or disprove the existence of a hierarchy of values. It is of a transcendental order.

Moreover, it is implied throughout the Kinsey report that the observer himself, in order not to judge his subject, must believe in moral relativism. This is amazing. In the relationship of physician and patient, for example, the attitude of "judge not!" has been the accepted principle (incidentally a moral principle) from Hippocrates on right into the Christian era. The idea that the physician, in order to maintain such clinical detachment, would himself have to discard his belief in the transcendental nature of moral values, is quite novel.

The second fallacy is the basic premise that Man is in essence nothing but a species of animal, and that there is nothing added to the animal nature of man which would invalidate on principle a study carried out by taxonomic methods. Saint Thomas Aquinas in explaining what "knowledge by connaturality" means chooses as an example, of all things, our immediate knowledge of the concept of chastity. We have, he says, an immediate knowledge of chastity because it belongs to the *nature* of Man to have such a concept. Why he should have picked this example, if he could have picked thousands of others, appears uncanny in view of our present time. Thomas Aquinas was, chronologically speaking, far behind our times and not acquainted with our up-to-date methods of sampling, but he had a point there. At any rate, the burden of the proof again lies with the zoologist.

FALLACY number three is the idea that something is presented with greater objectivity, in other words with a higher degree of veracity, if it is presented in a quantified form. You may start on false premises, but as long as you work with Standard Deviations, Correlation Coefficients, the Pearsonian r , the Greek letter Sigma, and take all the other mathematical precautions, you cannot go wrong. There are problems which, when it comes to human life, are by their very nature qualitative, problems about which we all know that the subtlety, the mystery, the uniqueness of the single event are of the essence. These are treated as mathematical entities, counted and confided to the computer. Thus I discovered the other day in a paper on the "pleasing personality" published by a social psychologist that "with women the multiple correlation between pleasingness and adjustment combined with expressiveness is

.71, which when steadiness is added to expressiveness, the multiple correlation becomes .79." This is the last flowering of a Cartesianism gone hog wild. (Incidentally, some of our Catholic scholars, forever eager to live up to the scientific Joneses, indulge in the same sort of thing provided the problem investigated is outside the range of moral judgments. But the fallacy is always the same.)

Somewhere I read that the Kinsey report is supposed to help young couples who are going to be married. Behind that thought probably lies the idea that studies like this are a healthy antidote against Puritanism and prudishness. D. H. Lawrence, whom nobody will suspect of Puritanism, pointed out in a remarkable, much too little known essay how the Latin peoples, particularly in the rural areas, with their closer relationship to things of the earth, with their larger families and positive outlook on procreation, have a much healthier attitude towards sex—healthier than the people in the industrialized Anglo-Saxon area in which he grew up. Just think of the idea that our urbanized masses of people, uprooted from their faith in God, without inner relationship to things of the earth, can be made to find joy in sex by studying the tables and graphs of a behavioristic piece of research—nothing could be more symptomatic of the confusion of our time. There is in the Kinsey books, as in all purely behavioristic studies concerned with human values, a peculiar atmosphere of joylessness. There is in all this a subtle, hidden despising of nature. The descendant of the Puritan is preaching a new gospel.

However, the most alarming element about the Kinsey report is something else. If someone, perhaps quite unconsciously and quite unintentionally, attempted to set the stage for a dehumanized, de-personalized society, for the great beehive—he would start out with things like the Kinsey report. The human person, sacred in its dignity, mysteriously elevated above the biological when it comes to love and freedom, has to be treated *as if* it were nothing but one digit within a vast biological frame of references. Like so many studies in the social sciences, dealing with other problems (and much less publicized) but starting on similar premises—this creates an "atmosphere." Catholics in North America, quite contrary to their European brethren, are often so hypnotized by the demoniacal drama presently enacted by the Communists that they seem at times to have lost all awareness of what is preparing itself right under their noses. Many seem to think that as long as we shall not have the reign of the Commissar, nothing can go essentially wrong with us. Actually, there are many more ways in which Man can be de-faced.

It does not have to come about by political means in the strict sense of the word. The romantic figure of the revolutionary, with plot and intrigue, is not a prerequisite. A surprisingly large number of people have the

erroneous idea that the beehive world, the dehumanized machinery described by Orwell and Huxley, will be of the Marxist variety, or will not be at all. To them the democratic procedure itself has become something like a magic rite of protection. Historians of a future age may well be able to show that the herald of an Orwellian world in North America was not the gentleman from the

cloak and dagger department but the friendly canvasser who accumulated samples of "sexual outlet" and samples of virginity, threw them into the computing machine and presented the Formula of Truth to the reading variety of the species.

Dr. Stern is chief of the Department of Psychiatry at the University of Ottawa and works out of the Ottawa General Hospital.

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA XII

Catholics and Religious Art

MAURICE LAVANOUX

IN the present temper of life in these United States, art is still widely looked upon as a mere luxury without any real relevance. A superficial acceptance of art in general, shared by many who may hesitate to admit their real indifference, results in the lack of what may be termed an artistic climate in which art would be accepted as a normal activity of any civilized community rather than as something which stamps the artist as a rather curious and impractical person, to be encouraged, of course, but not to be elevated to the status of a serious citizen.

Fortunately, our troubles in this respect are of recent date, and there is growing evidence that art will someday come into its own in America. In the early days of this country's existence the need to wrest a living from the land did not leave much time for the pursuits of art. Later, when the goods of this world increased in America, and the age of great fortunes came, art in Europe was in the throes of Victorianism. It was an era in which those who controlled the nation's purse strings developed a curious inferiority complex and felt drawn toward Europe for the satisfaction of their artistic needs. It was the era of the snob in art; an era during which the arbiters of "taste" felt the urge to add a little polish to their democratic escutcheons through vicarious association with some vague idea of an older tradition. This tradition, because of a basic misunderstanding, had become a static frame of mind instead of what tradition, *per se*, really is—dynamic.

During this period French chateaux and Florentine palaces were built all over prosperous America. It was then, too, that ecclesiastical art sought refuge and escape in the unfolding arms of archeology. The chateaux and palaces have gradually disappeared, but

we still have with us relics of archeology in the arts of the Church. And these relics still increase and multiply.

THE present state of religious art among American Catholics, and particularly among the clergy, is sad. It seems to me that it stems largely from indifference and a calculated misuse of the virtue of prudence, which might more properly be called timidity. In addition to this indifference there is a tendency, among our clergy, to equate excellence in artistic matters with the personal piety and goodness of an artist. I will not indulge in the facile sport of placing all the blame on the shoulders of the clergy, but, with all due respect, I can express the opinion that much of the continued patronage of mediocre sources of supply comes from those whose vocation should lead them to sponsor artists who can create the beauty which should be found in the house of God. Too many of our churches reflect mediocrity. Those who have labored in the firms from which emerge creations of dubious "archeology" can do little but weep—or perhaps laugh at the memory of it all! But it is not enough to weep when we see what are called the arts of church decoration, and all the appurtenances used in our churches. We still have enough indignation left to gnash our teeth in anger against the benevolent indifference under which such a disease has been allowed to spread so widely.

Here a sense of humor is useful. Without the saving grace of laughter, and a modicum of ridicule, those who have at heart the propagation of beauty would become bitter indeed. Stout heart and strong optimism are both needed antidotes.

Art is really an important matter in the life of a Catholic and more particularly the arts at the service of

Mr. Lavanoux is secretary of the Liturgical Arts Society and managing editor of Liturgical Arts magazine.

the Church. I realize that a Catholic can save his soul without any particular manifestation of art in his daily life, even in his religious life, but if we follow such a point of view to its logical—or illogical—conclusion, we might say that a Catholic can save his soul without a church *building* or without any of those things which have been created for the glory of God and as an earthly expression of the love of God. All we really need is an altar and a tent to cover the congregation—and, at times, we can even do without the tent. But once we admit the advisability of a *house* and all that goes with it, we admit the necessity to have the *best*. And here we come into the province of art. So the question of religious art really is important.

WHERE can we turn to for positive direction in this matter of religious art? Will the dominant factor come from the hierarchy, the pastors, the seminary professors? It should come from all these, but more particularly it should come from the architect. He is the director of that symphony which brings unity and order; he is the one who should logically coordinate all the elements which go to make up a beautiful church, inside and out. If we seek direction from the seminaries, we will be faced at once with the lack of any truly artistic direction in the curriculum or with the statement that such training cannot find a place in the already overcrowded course of studies. If we seek direction from the hierarchy we find it already exists in pronouncements from Rome, whether in such documents as *Mediator Dei* or in recent texts from the Holy Office. However, these pronouncements deal in generalities and do not attempt to solve day-to-day problems.

I feel we will find the key to many of these vexing problems when we can convince the pastor that good art, great art, can and does bring to his people that important stimulus of beauty which we all naturally feel to be the proper attribute of the house of God. I feel we will reach that desired goal when we realize that both the pastor and his bishop do not—or, at any rate, should not—claim infallibility in matters of art. In such matters they are persons like ourselves, with personal prejudices and limitations. It is only natural that they should seek guidance from those who are trained in the arts and crafts. It has been my experience that many a bishop or pastor will respond once he is convinced of the validity of an art adviser or architect's ideas.

There is hope. In recent years good work has been accomplished, and the "archeologists," today, are on the defensive. A defensive, however, whose last stimulus has come from the controversy over that convenient bugaboo, "modern art." This bugaboo is the

twin to the distrust and fear engendered by those for whom the mere hint of a fresh idea is cause for alarm. And yet a fresh idea may well be in the grand tradition of the old. It may be, of course, that the accelerated tempo of our day has confused us, and we may yearn for a more peaceful sequence of events, but to yearn for the past is a futile sport. The architect of our time is faced with certain economic facts which did not bother architects of old; we have certain changes in the plans of our churches which are quite logical in the light of liturgical observance. There is no mystery in all this and no reason why the professional practitioner should not see eye to eye with his clerical client. The only person who may have reason to becloud the issue is the merchant.

The battle would be easily won if, first of all, we would forego the expensive luxury of purchasing those dubious and valueless products which have flooded our churches only because of the continued indifference and because of the superb salesmanship which is the stock-in-trade of the ecclesiastical merchant. When you have reached the bottom there is no place to go but up. Then we could begin to pay some attention to artists.

I doubt that many will question the need for reform in the matter of religious art. It is here that we run into the plaint: "Well and good, but we cannot possibly afford the services of those artists you have in mind." I can assure any prospective client that among the host of artists and craftsmen whose talents are now channeled in secular work, there are many who would ask for nothing better than to work for the Church. They are now largely uninterested because they do not feel free or able or willing to lower their standards. Many would be willing to devote their talents to the furtherance of that beauty which we seek for in the house of God, but they maintain the conviction that they should be treated as persons worthy of their hire and be respected for their art. I am convinced that, given opportunities, these artists and craftsmen could greatly enhance the beauty of our churches, and do it without increasing the general budget of any reasonably large operation.

THIS question of religious art is not insoluble once we admit the need for some measure of reform. If we want good work, we can have it; if we really want to commission competent and talented artists we can do so and we can find them in all parts of this land (without going abroad—which, by the way, is merely another way to evade responsibility). If we want to avoid the mistakes of the past we need only by-pass those responsible for them; if we accept the necessity of paying handsomely for objects of daily use we should not object to paying the artist a fair and

decent compensation. All this will eventually redound to the credit of the parish, and many of us, as parishioners, will see in our churches evidence of that traditional beauty which we so like to read about in history books.

In this connection it is interesting to note two churches, in which all details were carefully studied by the pastors, that were planned with strict regard for rubrical law (with the exception of a few details which were beyond the immediate control of these pastors). One is Saint Mark's Church, Burlington, Vermont; the other, at the opposite corner of the country, is Saint Joseph's, Sunnyside, Washington. In both cases, the pastor began with the liturgy and planned the church accordingly. An obvious solution, some will say; of course, but it is surprising how often churches are planned according to norms hardly liturgical, only because these *unliturgical* norms have been consecrated by compounding mistake upon mistake.

In Burlington, Father William A. Tennien had definite ideas which resulted in an altar in the center of the church, enabling him to celebrate Mass facing the people, an innovation which seems to have been accepted without any fuss by his congregation. Theoretically, an altar in the center of the plan is a good idea but only, as in the case of Saint Mark's, when three arms of the plan are given over to the people, the fourth arm being taken up by the sacristy, the choir, pulpit and side altar. In Sunnyside, Father Reinhold has placed the baptistry on center with the altar, and the main entrance is through a *side* narthex. He has also provided for a small side chapel for daily Mass in his community of scattered parishioners, and for a choir flanking the sanctuary. All appurtenances in both churches: altar, tabernacle, sanctuary light, candlesticks, shrines, etc., are of modest materials but are well designed and well executed. Within the means available, both pastors have produced churches which reflect the advance of the Church in this revival of liturgical and religious art in this country.

In the crypt of the Archabbey at Latrobe, Pennsylvania, under the direction of Dom Quentin Schaut, paintings and wood-carved reliefs have been placed above a number of the many altars; recently, a set of mosaic Stations of the Cross, by Louisa Jenkins, were placed in the crypt of another Benedictine Abbey, at Mount Angel, Oregon. Such examples of first-rate work can be found in many places and many more could eventually be executed and placed in our churches, abbeys, seminary chapels, convents and colleges.

The future of religious art in the United States can flower ultimately if we have the *will* to sponsor the work of our own artists. Here and there the seeds are being planted. A little late, perhaps, but surely, American Catholics are reclaiming their lost traditions.

AFTER THE ELECTION

Why the Germans Chose Adenauer

WALDEMAR GURIAN

OBSERVERS who were in Germany during the recent election campaign agreed in advance that Chancellor Adenauer had the best prospects of success. Even so, the smashing victory of the Christian Democrats surprised everyone, including the Christian Democratic Union and the Chancellor himself. The party won an absolute majority of seats, and together with the other parties of its coalition, won the two-thirds majority necessary for changes in the constitution.

How is this astonishing success to be explained? To answer is to evaluate many of the political and social trends of Germany today.

First of all, the elections were a plebiscite for Adenauer as statesman and personality. The party of the opposition, the Social Democrats, was unwise enough to oppose Adenauer with its party chairman, Ollenhauer. Ollenhauer, who is personally a decent man, does not enjoy any particular political reputation. He is simply regarded as a conscientious party functionary of a somewhat pale character. Adenauer easily pointed to the visible successes of his administration, such as economic prosperity, the increased prestige of Germany in the world, and the like. The voters did not want to exchange these accomplishments for a socialist rule which could develop into a risky experiment.

Furthermore, Adenauer's party had many younger politicians with some appeal for the people. The Socialists put forward party and trade union bureaucrats as their candidates. The attempt to smear Adenauer as a clerical and to turn Protestants away from him did not work.

The tremendous vote for Adenauer proved that the German people are tired of experiments and that they prefer the present policies to attempts at radical change. There is no doubt that Adenauer's minister of economic affairs, Ehrhardt, the champion of a social free market policy, had a decisive part in the victory. Despite all existing inequalities of income, the German people are afraid that a socialist economy would result in a scarcity and the rule of bureaucracy. The Chancellor's attacks on the single (and, as its enemies claim, monopolistic) union organization which exists in Germany did not alienate voters. On the contrary, even workmen regarded with some skepticism the policies of this *Gawerk-*

Dr. Gurian, of the University of Notre Dame, recently returned from Germany where he lectured at several universities.

scheftsbund which was closely associated with the socialists.

Confidence in the socialist opposition was badly shaken by their confused statements on foreign policy. The Social Democrats gave the impression of being exclusively interested in opposing the policies of Adenauer, and of having had no real alternative to offer. The German people have lost any belief in a policy which would try to separate Germany from the West by some kind of complicated arrangement with the Soviet Union. They are inclined to believe that the Adenauer policy of cooperation with the West, and particularly with the United States, is the best way to win back the East.

A MOST interesting change of mood among Germany's younger generation has taken place. Even last year one could very often hear, in discussions about the European Army, that this Army ought to be created



“without me.” That is, the German was not willing to be a soldier again. Today this mentality has receded. I heard about a German high school where the majority of graduates wanted to try an army career—something that would have been unthinkable a few years ago.

The neutralist pacifist party of Heinemann, Adenauer's former minister of internal affairs who left the cabinet because he opposed rearmament, got few votes and no seats whatsoever. The party's meetings had been crowded, and the leaders consequently hoped to elect at least twenty deputies. But it turned out that they had no adherents other than those who religiously listened to the speeches. Such men as Pastor Niemoeller, who inclined towards some compromise with the East, were among the victims of the election. That the Communists would win few votes and no seats was from the beginning a foregone conclusion. They are absolutely discredited in Germany.

There are other observations which could be made as result of the outcome of the elections. The attempt of

a south German politician, Prime Minister of Wurttemberg and Baden, to use anti-clerical slogans for electoral purposes failed completely. His party was badly defeated. There was also a clear trend against the smaller parties and towards the bigger ones. The neo-Nazis made a very poor showing. They had no leadership and no strong organization.

The elections in Germany can be regarded as the victory of a moderate intellectual conservatism which, unfortunately for the world, was missing from Germany before the rise of Hitler. Adenauer is the heir to a long bureaucratic tradition, and he is, no doubt, somewhat inclined towards authoritarian methods. But, on the other hand, he is not a nationalist, and not a man who will misuse the power which has been placed in him—this despite some inclination to vindictiveness towards enemies and a certain love for devious methods. In the future he might tend to extend bureaucratic controls. For instance, it would be very unfortunate if certain projects to create an information ministry should be realized. It may in the long run be unwise to deprive socialists of all power in the German *Länder*, and to oppose the bourgeois parties to the allegedly radical socialists. But Adenauer is a reasonable and wise man. Just for the reason that he did not agree with the policies of the trade unions, he will be anxious to avoid giving the impression of being a reactionary. The composition of the Christian Democratic Party would not, by the way, permit the establishment of a rule by big business.

In foreign affairs Adenauer is free from a narrow-minded nationalism, although he is compelled to make rhetorical concessions to national emotion. He is very anxious to reach an understanding with France, as his attitude in the Saar question proves. Those who accuse him of fighting for a united Europe only in order to win the good will of the United States are surely wrong. Adenauer is for the unification of Germany and the revision of the unjust and impossible Oder-Neisse line, as all Germans are, but he is also against adventures in the East.

Adenauer's regime will not create a millenium. It will have many features alien to American democracy, but, on the other hand, as long as Adenauer lives he constitutes a guarantee that Germany will not embark upon dangerous policies. It may be noted that Adenauer is not a man who would permit the generals too great power. The critical question is whether Adenauer will live long enough, although his health and vigor are amazing. And will he be able to educate enough younger politicians to continue his policies of moderation and conservatism? Adenauer is right of center, but would not accept a policy of a crusade against the left—a policy which would be blind to dangers threatening from the radical-revolutionary right. Adenauer is no Papen, opening the gates to Hitler, in the disastrous belief that thus could the conservative, traditional, world be rescued.

THE STAGE

TAKE A GIANT STEP

MR. Louis Peterson's drama, after a strident opening, subsides into a quiet portrait of middle-class American life which—in warmth and sagacity of perception—excels any native play on a comparable theme it has been my recent good fortune to encounter. Mr. Peterson's triumph lies, I should say, in the easy brilliance with which he has given his conventional images of reality a resonance and troubling power usually denied to the naturalistic dramatist. He has not done this through language (though the accents of his dialogue are often witty and always authentic) nor through that relentless, enervating attention to surface detail which masquerades perennially in our literature as exact observation.

Rather, it is a fidelity to the interior logic of his people, to the graph of his experience as time has written it in his flesh, that gives "Take a Giant Step" so much of its authority. When Frederick O'Neal and Louis Gossett—as a father grown honorably insensitive with the slow erosions of routine, and his son trapped in the dreary, phantasmal land of adolescence—sit down over the shabby meal of their common impotence, their abused love and inevitable hostility, the scene has a tragic import all the more desolate because it irresistibly turns the eye inward. It has the power of remorse as well as recognition.

Mr. Peterson's subject is male adolescence, and he brings to it a measure of the lyricism and clownish sensibility which J. D. Salinger gave to his novel on the same theme. Only once—in his sentimental approach to the boy's incipient sexuality—did the playwright seem to me to substitute a convention for an experience. But even this was a sweet and generous error. The fact that Mr. Peterson's people are Negroes, perched precariously in a white milieu, only gave the play a further dimension in which to run risks, but the author quietly eluded them. Not once does he invoke the conditioned response, or allow the filmy veil of self-pity to obscure his vision of the world he has created.

I am brought at last to the obvious: this is a wise and lovely drama, vibrantly inhabited by a cast of great accomplishment. What is it that gives Negro performers their grace and sure dignity, and above all their subtle ability to dissolve our restraint and diffidence? No matter, it is here: in the work of O'Neal and young Mr. Gossett, Estelle Hemsley and Jane White, Dorothy Carter and Estelle Evans. The direction of John Stix and Eldon Elder's suburban setting are finely unobtrusive. (Historical note: for the first time in my knowledge, a television set appears

as part of the stage decor.) I cannot predict for "Take a Giant Step" any of the success it so insistently merits, but that will come as no surprise: Mr. Peterson is obviously no stranger to injustice, but what is vastly more significant, he displays the kind of resilience which can surely conquer it. (*At the Lyceum*)

AT HOME WITH ETHEL WATERS

MISS Waters has arranged a gallery of her past appearances which, I am assured by my knowledgeable elders, resumes a generous, distinguished cavalcade of the American musical theatre within the past twenty-five years.

But sentiment aside, there is a quantity of craft and joyous art in the current exhibition at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre. Miss Waters has expanded to mythic proportions; indeed, I suspect a Jungian might classify her as an archetype. Out of some vast and terrible benignity she gathers the audience to her; dare one repudiate that massive affectionate embrace, that luscious sunburst of a smile? Sometimes, yes: the air goes thick and smarmy with good will, one grows restless for a human touch of asperity—which Miss Waters presently, promptly provides in her tart and supremely indelicate versions of "Dance Hall Hostess," "Half of Me," "Throw Dirt" and "Go Back Where You Stayed Last Night." I find her masterly on these occasions: the conventional Mammy image sinks into the rather more endearing truth of a lady no better than she should be, swinging happily between two worlds and furiously engaged in trying to make the best of each.

Her wonderfully discreet accompanist, Reginald Beane, paces Miss Waters admirably at the piano, and together they succeed in blotting out a lurid collection of costumes (Ethel will wear lavender and chartreuse) and the flaccid dullness of Oliver Smith's "at home" set. (Miss Waters obviously never read a damned one of those books, and more power to her.) A sweet, milky evening all told, rich in sentimental pleasure, but wisely limited to a modest engagement of some six weeks. (*At the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

HOLD THAT LION

NO doubt when the Cagneys (producer William and actor James) bought the film rights to Adria Locke Langley's novel *A Lion Is in the Streets*,

they made a smart move. But they delayed so long in filming this story about a Southern demagogue who rises to the top that much of their thunder was stolen by the very fine movie "All the King's Men." At long last "A Lion" is on our screens, and, I'm sorry to report, with only so-so results. Bubbling with vitality and Southern accent, James Cagney plays the role of the rough-and-ready peddler with conviction as he rises in politics through soft-soaping and chicanery. What makes his characterization particularly interesting is that this man, up to a certain point, really is on the side of the people who are pushed around by the big shots; but his altruism stops when it in any way prevents him from gaining his own goals.

Although Raoul Walsh has directed Cagney's scenes forcefully, he is less successful with the cast supporting the star, particularly the two women who play such important parts in his life: Barbara Hale as his wife and Anne Francis as his mistress. The Langley novel not only made these women believable, but gave more point to the story by following through and showing how a visionary though unscrupulous man like Hank Martin could become governor of a state. The movie points up a moral but stops short by having Hank killed by one of his dupes just as he is about to lead his spellbound mob on a protest march to the State Capitol. As a minor study in demagoguery, "A Lion Is in the Streets" is worth some attention, but as a full-fledged movie this lion never gets beyond the by-ways.

JOHN Lee Mahin, who wrote the script for "Mogambo" from a play by Wilson Collison, should have an extra round of applause for the bright wisecracks he thought up for Ava Gardner to toss around; and, as directed by John Ford, she tosses them around with a flare in what is probably her best role to date. The only trouble with "Mogambo" is that it opens in such a high humor, with Ava kidding Clark Gable and Clark trying (not too successfully) to keep up with her, that the serious part, when it comes, can't be taken too seriously. But, as African pictures go, the serious part in this one is very good indeed, and although the plot is rather weak, Ford has handled it so well (with the help of a good cast, lots of animals and various tribesmen from Kenya, Belgian Congo, Tanganyika and French Equatorial Africa) that interest never lags.

THERE'S a little football item around called "The All-American." This picture really means to tell a story of an idealist like Prewitt, who, although he was an All-American quarterback at a state university, refuses to play football at Sheridan U., a school said to be in the Ivy League tradition, where our hero has a scholarship. "I came here to learn something," he insists—

but the pressure is on, and handsome Tony Curtis cannot resist the pleading of the coach, his girl (Lori Nelson) and various other friends, enemies, students, and professors. He's a positive sensation on the gridiron; and just to show he can conform and be a man among men even in this Ivy League set, he has his long and greasy hair cut. Except for one shot of Curtis studying there is nothing remotely academic going on at Sheridan. It wasn't like this when I was at college. No rahs for "The All-American."

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

CARDINAL SUHARD AND AMERICA

Boston, Mass.

TO the Editors: Mr. Ferkiss in his communication [August 21, 1953] terms "the slavish enthusiasm now being lavished on the work of Cardinal Suhard" as a supreme illustration of "the basic lack of intellectual vigor or creativity in American Catholicism." He further states that Cardinal Suhard's problems and solutions are proper to France and its "narrow historical and geographical conditioning." To claim such problems and solutions have a universal application "is demonstrably false."

I think he would agree, however, that an intellectual must have the following three basic qualities. First, he grasps the real. He is not so much interested in words as the *things* they signify. Second, the mature intellectual can make distinctions, note shades of difference, while at the same time recognizing essential characteristics common to things different in appearance. The intellectual is not fooled by an old friend with a new look. Third, the intellectual is not a creature of the moment. He is not so engulfed by the present as to disregard the past. He has a sense of history. He can learn from the past to work in the present to create the future insofar as the human concurs with the divine to chart the course of men.

Cardinal Suhard was a shepherd of souls speaking to his flock—admittedly a French flock. I submit that a reading of the annual statements—not of one—but the collective statements of our American Bishops issued during the past twenty years will be a rather staggering eye opener to all who believe as Mr. Ferkiss does. Our Bishops should know the American scene and I submit that they do.

I would like, in conjunction with the Bishops of our country, to apply the canon of the above defined intellectuality to the following statement of Mr. Ferkiss.

"Talk of the 'apostasy of the masses,' the 'collapsing' of the capitalist system, the need

for an apostolate which 'must be based primarily on the working class' and upon the 'intellectuals,' and the 'paganism' of the country must and should have a hollow ring for anyone who has looked at American life with clear eyes and a mind uncluttered with preconceptions."

I grant that you will not find any reference to "apostasy of the masses" in the annual statements of the Bishops. There couldn't be simply because the majority of workers were never Catholics to start with. On the other hand one can recognize the essentials of a similar situation when in their 1940 statement our Bishops say:

"We in our capacity as shepherds of the flock of Christ can not be unmindful of our duties in these matters. . . . It is an unfortunate fact that large numbers of workingmen have become alienated from religion."

The bishops do not consider it a local phenomenon for they add that it is closer to a universal scandal.

"This is true even of Catholics in some of the older countries. In the words of the Supreme Pontiff it has become the great scandal of the modern world."

Now I do not wish to maintain that our workers are as bad off as France with regard to irreligion. We have lost "large numbers." They have lost the "masses." Yet it would be foolish to ignore history. Let us not forget the millions spent by the automobile and steel industries for ammunition, industrial spies, etc, in the thirties. Organized labor has come of age as a legitimate factor in the American Way of Life. But it is ignorance to deny that labor is conceded its right to organize only under threat of economic sanction. Take away the right to strike tomorrow and the day after unionism would be a thing of the past. . . . Since 1940 we have been living almost continually in an economy goaded by the unnatural stimulus of war contracts. Until organized labor has weathered the storms of hard times I suggest that the situation is still very much in progress. Its destiny has not been settled. . . . Communists are voted in quite often because they are the best men available for the job. They are selfless in their own way and well-trained—as an ex-Communist labor man ably demonstrated to me recently. If anything the Rosenberg case should have taught us that a few Congressional investigating committees are not going to stop Communist idealism.

The question before us is, "Must we wait for the mass defection—a repeat of the great scandal of nineteenth century Europe in twentieth century America—before we act?" Can Christians stand by idle while they have obligations in social justice?

It is not customary to speak of the "proletariat" here in America. If we don't use the word we have the

reality. Our proletariat does not generally live in the slums. The family is most likely in the Chevrolet class. Yet these people are tottering economically. One sickness requiring a semi-private room at twenty dollars a day would soon wreck their finances. For the proletariat are the non-owning workers or at least those who "possess insufficient property to be independent of a wage income for even a short period of time." Our Bishops consider this a grave social evil. In 1940 they said:

"While it is dangerous to exaggerate the disproportion between those who possess adequate property and those who constitute the proletariat or the propertyless, nevertheless, it is certainly within the bounds of truth to state that the existing situation constitutes a grave social evil. . . . If the majority of our citizens possess insufficient property to be independent of a wage income for even a short period of time, then there is grave danger to the entire social fabric. Social stability rests on the individual ownership of property. . . . The lack of sufficient private property leads to various forms of insecurity. This insecurity not only leads to the creation of a strong social tension expressing itself in social disorder, but is also contrary to the prescription of Christian morality."

More people in the U.S.A. may own their homes than in some countries of Europe but unless a more adequate form of security is achieved by our people our historical "political stability" could easily give way in the face "of a strong social tension expressing itself in social disorder."

I submit that capitalism "collapsed" in 1929. I refer to classical capitalism, the kind which existed prior to 1929 and which was based on a philosophy of economic liberalism. The only capitalism that America knew for sixty years prior to 1929 was dominated by that ruthless competition which by its own inner dynamic logically leads to monopoly or economic dictatorship. It revolved around a wide-open market with the attendant evils of reckless speculation, "market pools," short selling, margin purchasing, all of which sped the boom-bust cycle on its way. It put profits before people—especially laboring people. Our Bishops bore witness to this collapse when they wrote in 1933:

"We have been witnesses of a great social and political catastrophe, the causes of which are not to be found in one place or in one nation, but in all places and among all peoples, and the effects of which are devastating and world wide. . . . The social philosophy during recent centuries has carried human society far from its safe moorings. That philosophy—if indeed it be worthy of the name—which has ruled govern-

ments, groups, and individuals for the past three hundred years has not taken as its guide the moral law, has not considered the rights of man. Money not man has been the supreme consideration and the justifying end. . . . That same demoralizing philosophy defended, and defends today, unrestrained individual economic freedom and the economic dictatorship that has followed it. . . . It has denied government its right to guard justice and the common good. It has given greed a free hand. . . . In its light, wealth, business, and the power material prosperity gives, are in themselves supreme ends. Human rights must be sacrificed to those ends, and humanity itself must become the mere instrument in the production of wealth, not the master controlling it."

Even at this late date there are not wanting advocates of so-called free enterprise who dedicate the major part of their efforts to bringing back "the good old days."

That we have a very definite apostolate to the "intellectuals" of our country seems to me to be beyond discussion. Whoever has talked to the graduates of our secular universities can only feel compassion for the many who have found an ultimate in some shade of Scientism. The Archbishop of Boston took the occasion of a commencement exercise last June to lament the atheism solemnly propounded in such honored halls of learning as Harvard, Boston University, and M.I.T. That an Archbishop should be forced to stress such points engenders "separatism," I admit. It also saves souls. There would be less separatism and more souls saved if our intellectuals could integrate the basic heritage of Western philosophical thought with the progress of the last two hundred years. We need the Catholic synthesis of Christian humanism Cardinal Suhard pleaded for which will show up the wretched poverty of the secularistic humanism prevailing in American academic circles.

Is our country pagan? I think that we are living off the heritage of a Christian culture. I think that the majority of our people have the basic natural virtues. But I still think the situation is very fluid—and the waters of paganism are pouring in on us despite the bulwark of a Christian tradition. Surely our Bishops should be sensitive to paganism if there is any. In 1933 they said, "The extent of the denial of Christ in our own country is shocking to the Christian sense." Things were not much better in 1951 for they wrote:

"An alarming parallel exists between the situation facing us today and that which faced the Roman Empire fifteen hundred years ago. The problems of the Empire closely resemble those

which sorely test us now—barbarism on the outside, refined materialism and moral decay within. Confronted by those problems, what were men of that time concerned with? St. Augustine, who lived in that period, gives us the answer in a memorable passage: "They do not trouble about the moral degradation of the Empire. All that they ask is that it should be prosperous and secure. 'What concerns us,' they say, 'is that everyone should be able to increase his wealth so that he can afford a lavish expenditure and can keep the weak in subjection. Let the laws protect the rights of property and let them leave man's morals alone. . . . Let there be sumptuous banquets where anybody can play and drink and gorge himself and be dissipated by day or night as much as he pleases or is able. Let the noise of dancing be everywhere and let the theatres resound with lewd merriment. . . . Let the man who dislikes these pleasures be regarded as a public enemy.' (C. of G. II, 20).

"Does not all this have a modern ring? Has not a great part of our society been doing and saying much the same thing? With the threat of the barbarian on the outside does our conduct reflect the sobriety of citizens who are conscious that a bell may be tolling for them and for civilization?"

Notice—not a "hollow ring" but rather a "modern ring."

Lastly I would like to venture what seems to be "the target of a realistic American apostolate." I'm afraid it is not "primarily the middle class Protestant of sorts," but rather can be found in our Bishops' statement of 1947 on Secularism. This the bishops define as "a view of life that limits itself not to the material in exclusion of the spiritual, but to the human here and now in exclusion of man's relation to God here and hereafter. Secularism or the practical exclusion of God from human thinking and living, is at the root of the world's travail today." To use a phrase of Cardinal Suhard it is the "de-Christianized milieu" we live in.

I submit that in their 1948 statement our bishops have outlined a course of action which is substantially the American expression of what Cardinal Suhard prayed for in France.

"The failure to center life in God is secularism—which as we pointed out last year is the most deadly menace to our Christian and American way of living. . . . To combat secularism, the individual Christian must get the full vision of Christian truth. . . . It is a wonderful vision which gives new meaning to human life and an impelling urge to selfless action. . . ."

JAMES T. GRADY.

Of Sin, Suffering, and Unquiet Desperation

THE TREASURES OF DARKNESS. By Cornelia Jessey. Noonday Press. \$3.50.

By ANNE FREMANTLE

VIOLENCE is a profound part of the make-up not only of the American scene, but also of the American spirit. The climate is, to Europeans, a continual astonishment; it never rains but it pours, the sun is always beating its own records, and there is generally a hurricane somewhere, complete with idiotic pet name, or a river in horrific spate, or a dust-storm to end dust-storms; or, at least, an earthquake. Similarly, the visitor suspects (and with reason) that behind the blandest, most guileless of Rotarian faces, under the silliest Shriner hat, there are who knows what tempests, what cruel seas, what cliffs of fall and deserts of vast eternity. The plaster-cast Roman-emperor-look is worn—as psychiatric statistics reveal—by men leading lives of most unquiet desperation; the garden-and-canasta Helen Hokinson clubwoman is hiding a *lacrimae rerum* line.

These depths, that have been the concern of social scientists from de Toqueville to Margaret Mead, are those wherein lie the treasures of Mrs. Jessey's darkness. She has told, in a technically remarkable novel, the story of a small family in a small town. Helena, Henrietta and Augusta are (so it seems) the children of Judd and Clementina (née Slowacki) Honey of Deniza, a tiny, once pioneer town, four hours by train from, and many thousands of feet above, Phoenix, Arizona.

The whole action takes place in the forty-eight hours the journey takes from San Francisco to Deniza. Clementina Slowacki Honey has been found dead, of one of her attacks of asthma, it would appear. But her husband, Judd, is suspected of having smothered her. The little town is on Judd's side. Clementina led him a dog's life, and one of its citizens, George Birch, goes to San Francisco to look for Helena. For Helena was home the night of

the murder—if it was a murder. Perhaps she could help Judd? Helena had already been found, by Henrietta, her junior by eleven years, who had sought her on a like errand. All three are on the train, and with them travel all the Furies. For Clementina, the daughter of a Polish peddler who pretended she was an aristocrat and tricked the younger son of Deniza's first family into marrying her, was a true daughter of Charlotte Bronte by Francois Mauriac.

American novelists have, as a rule, seen the sociological implications of evil rather than the spiritual. Even the greatest of them all, William Faulkner, sees disaster in terms of the Ten Commandments rather than of the circles of the Inferno. Indeed, the purely sociological novel is one of America's great contemporary contributions to the art of fiction: where Zola failed, Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, John Steinbeck, John Hersey, Willard Motley, and so many others have singularly triumphed. But Clementina Slowacki Honey and her daughters are implacably involved in their own damnation, and only incidentally in the disintegration of society.

The impossibility of any purely human agency to "break the bond of sin" is shown in Helena's tragedy, step by step. Hated and rejected from her birth by her mother, who in turn had been rejected both by her lover, and by Judd's elder brother whom she truly loved, Helena turns to Judd with all the love she is denied and sees him denied too.

Helena seduces her father at eighteen, and he remains the only man she ever loves, though, urged by her mother to adolescent promiscuity, she finds herself "most enslaved." By contraries her mother manipulates her cunningly, letting her "live her own life." Helena chooses—or is chosen by—her men on the basis of some atavistic craving for her own roots: first a Pole, then a Negro. After eighteen years, she comes home to find her mother

living emotionally off her two younger children, and still punishing Judd for not being his dead brother.

The scenes, whether recollected in the tranquillity of remorse, or in the talk between the sisters, are all grim: incest, adultery, murder, insanity, abortion, are shown for what they are; consequences of the absence of charity. Helena, poor child, does indeed give her body to be burned, but because she cannot love her mother, cannot "do good to them that hate her," she can only be punished, not purged. And yet at the end, through her total acceptance of her punishment, out of her love for Judd (who, of course, was not her father at all, not even her uncle) she glimpses the possibility that beyond the "turning back of her passport" she can be forgiven. But only if she will surrender, not to society, to whom she cannot acknowledge her debt, but to God, to Whom she can.

Mrs. Jessey packs a wallop. But she also has succeeded in conveying the real nausea that sin brings, and in showing that the human being, however godless, must still suffer, not from the punishment of sin, but from the act itself, for sin is against the nature of man. Each time he sins, man destroys himself, is suicide and cannibal both. The book shows also clearly, almost cliché-ly, that democracy is no ersatz for God, and that good will, spread however thick, is no substitute for Grace. Man cannot help himself out of the hole into which he has thrown himself (not fallen, *thrown* himself) and the whole crisis is because he rejects, not because he is rejected. The devil is the father of lies, and that man sins because he is rejected is one of the favorite current diabolical offerings: but in truth man sins because he rejects, and Clementina has refused not only the garden of Eden but also that of Gethsemane. The author leaves Helena at least at the gate of the latter, although still outside.

The Question of Crusades

BEYOND CONTAINMENT. By William Henry Chamberlin. Regnery. \$5.

By JOHN A. LUKACS

W. H. Chamberlin's *America's Second Crusade*, written in 1950, was an earnest, honest, and unpretentious book. It brought a whiff of fresh air to that atmosphere of smug complacency with which American foreign policy had been publicly considered for at least a decade. In that book Mr. Chamberlin expounded the fallacy of the wartime "unconditional surrender" policies. He wished to revise certain myths about World War II. His scrutiny was not altogether faultless, nor did it possess the detachment of the historian. It was, nevertheless, a critique which was well warranted.

The virtues and shortcomings of *Beyond Containment* are not unsimilar. Much has happened in politics, but also within easily manageable journalistic consciences, since 1950. Perhaps a new American Juvenal is needed to record the easy, flip-pant, and intellectually corrupt conversions of these consciences. The raw material for this Juvenal is here, in a comparison of the editorials, columns, and articles written today, and those written a mere four years ago, by the same men, at the same desks, for the same giant publishing concerns.

"Unconditional surrender," loudly proclaimed a decade ago to be the only, and truly virile, American policy, receives today universal condemnation as a vile and Communist-inspired plot; the policy of "containment," hailed but a few years ago as the most masterly plan ever hatched on these shores, is being regarded today, almost universally, as out-of-date, maudlin, cowardly. Mr. Chamberlin addresses himself to a criticism of "containment"; but his own record is clear. And his critique is that of an experienced and thinking man, and as such it is far superior to the surphuric blasts against Mr. George Kennan which were recently exploded by aerial illusionists and pocket Machiavellians.

The trouble with this book is with the "Beyond." And yet Mr. Chamberlin knows his Russia well enough not to fall into the reveries of a number of his colleagues who, spurred as they are by some new kind of Abolitionist or Fundamentalist wrath, are also convinced that their blueprints of political warfare, replete with balloon Bibles, Kalmuk parachutists, and radio exhortations, would strike the Russian martinets lightning-like, and throw the Russian Army into huddled fright and confusion; thus, immediately, the break-up of the Soviet Empire would begin.

The alternative to "containment" is certainly an advance toward liberation; but of whom? And where? And how? Do we aim at the restoration of historic Europe; at the liberation of the present satellites; or do we wish to mount a crusade for the salvation of all Uzbekhs, Turkmens and Azerbaijani, to establish the frontiers of Democracy on the peaks of the Urals and on the shores of Lake Baikal? Of these questions Mr. Chamberlin seems aware. Many others are not. Yet he does not approach them quite satisfactorily. Aware as he is of the folly of ideological crusades, he seems, on the other hand, impressed with the facile claims of psychological warfare, aimed at the component nationalities of the Soviet Union proper. He knows, and reiterates, the age-old, constant, deep, and historic challenge that Russia presents to Europe; elsewhere in the book, however, he keeps repeating that the unique source of our dangers is doctrinal Communism, and not Russian power.

There are considerable contradictions here. It is possible that an intelligent diplomacy could, somehow, coordinate these contradictions. Mr. Chamberlin, however, fails to do so. He should have tried. For it is a peculiar, and disturbing fact that the same people who had, for some time, muttered, and lately spoken up (and, I hasten to say, rightly) against the Unconditional Surrender policy regarding Germany, are today the most vocal advocates of a war

of Unconditional Surrender against Russia. This is a sad fact of paradox, and full of the gravest dangers; for not only are Tomsk and Tobolsk further away than were Normandy and Berlin, and the stakes now far greater, but the immoral and un-Christian implication of ideological crusades should have, by now, dawned upon every thinking American. Unfortunately, it hasn't.

British Nature

THE OVERLOADED ARK. By Gerald M. Durrell. Viking. \$3.75.

THE TRUANTS. By J. C. Badcock. Pantheon. \$2.75.

By ALAN DEVOE

THE enthusiasms of zoologists are special. In their particular way, they have that direct, delighted response to Creation which is a gift of small boys, unthinking, and to saints who have thought their hearts out. For any of us fallen in the wasteland of unresponse, somewhere between simplicity and wisdom, these exultancies may not always be easy to share.

There may be readers who can find little charm in Gerald Durrell's happy adventure in catching pouched rats, "as big as kittens, their grey fur full of large cockroach-like parasites." It may seem unaccountable and revolting that this jaunty young British collector should take pleasure in a giant African millipede that "looks not unlike a thin black pudding." Zoologists at times are informed by a *mystique* that is nearly incommunicable to the outsider.

Mostly, however, Mr. Durrell communicates to almost any kind of reader. He communicates exceptionally well and interestingly. In recording his adventures as a live-specimen collector in the jungle, he catches with impressive skill the spirit and feeling of the rain-forest. He is entertaining, informative, and likable. *The Overloaded Ark* is a book to appeal especially to naturalists, but should provide rewarding reading for almost anyone who enjoys well-written adventure. One of

the best things about it is uncommonly vivid presentation of the personalities of African natives. In too many explorers' books, "the blacks" are merely that. In Mr. Durrell's high-spirited pages, they are individual men; and their portraits are brilliant.

THROUGH-Africa-with-Pith-Helmet-&-Notebook is one of the sturdy traditions of British nature writing. Another, even older, is the Village Book. This kind is all hawthorn and sedges, sheepfolds, squires, poachers in copse and spinney, and churchbells a-ringing come Michaelmas. Such writing is readily parodied—(it has been done with expert unkindness by Evelyn Waugh)—but this is only to say that intense emotion is always perilously near a joke. J. C. Badcock's *The Truants* is a Village Book in the deeply felt, deeply serious, rustic-lyrical tradition of Richard Jefferies, Henry Williamson, T. F. and Llewelyn Powys, and Mary Webb. In his Leicestershire boyhood, J. C. Bad-

cock and his brother often stayed away from school. They had a gypsy grandmother; they were daft over wildlife; the "whistle of the whew-duck" put a spell on them. So here it all is, remembered. It makes a lovely addition to this genre. At times, the special language presents a difficulty—quickthorn and keck-stems, greenies and jinties—but this traditionally goes with villageism. Mr. Badcock writes beautifully, and only seldom with evident effort toward that end. Margaret Wetherbee's illustrations are delicate and strong.

Death and Life

RUE NOTRE DAME. By Daniel Pezeril. Sheed & Ward. \$2.50.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

THIS book is in the form of an old man's diary. He is a priest, a conservative, well-intentioned man whose heart has been paralyzed by decades of the life of a city pastor. Formalism, pietism, the brassy

weight of funeral and wedding fees, debt-payments, schedules, routine, and the mechanics of church-business—all the bourgeois armor French Catholicism has borne out of the dark Nineteenth Century into the Twentieth have made this man, as he nears death, a crochety old cleric, satisfied in his dignity as an honorary canon of the Cathedral of Paris.

Then a young priest asks him to become his spiritual director. The old man makes the utterly terrifying discovery that he has nothing to tell the young priest. He is dry of wisdom. The young man subsequently becomes a worker-priest, and the old canon searches more and more deeply into himself, looking back at what he has been. In the end, it is the young man who has saved the old, and the old who is consumed like a faggot.

I do not think that the writing of this book could be better. It is as artless as water, and the compassionate detail of age, the failing health, stubbornness, the prejudices and preferences of an old man are

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as real yet undemanding as the furniture of the canon's rooms.

A story of sanctity is certainly not one that can easily be written or even prudently undertaken; the recent history of Catholic writing is littered with the wreckage of attempts. But Father Pezeril has, in my opinion, here succeeded. I do not see how anyone could read this book without being very deeply moved.

Household Detail

THE DEEP SLEEP. By Wright Morris. Scribners. \$3.50.

By CAROL H. WEISS

OTHER people's marriages are often puzzling affairs. One of the oldest guessing games in the world is probably "What does she see in him? and what does he see in her?" On a variation of this theme, Wright Morris has written a thoroughly satisfactory novel. It is the story of Judge Howard Porter,

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a jurist of national prominence, and his wife, and their family's view of the curious relationship between them.

At the age of sixty-nine, Judge Porter is dead. *The Deep Sleep* is a deceptively simple account of what happens in his household on the day following his death. It is an uneventful day. His wife and daughter go to the funeral directors. His son-in-law and the family handyman shop at the supermarket. His ninety-nine-year-old mother, a wonderfully sly old character with the imperturbability of a national monument, finishes off a forbidden pot of coffee. In the evening, a few people come in for sandwiches. And that is about all that happens. Even in flashback there is little episode.

But routine as the details may be (the shopping list for the day is bread, eggs, melon, Drano, and little liver pills), the story is completely absorbing. Each member of the family sees the others, and remembers the Judge, in different perspective, and there is a good deal of suspense in the effort to fit the pieces together. Webb, the Judge's son-in-law, has been trying for years to make what he calls "sense" out of the family. He is a successful painter, and as his wife would be the first to tell you, he has a passion for making a picture out of everything.

It is Mrs. Porter who is most puzzling. In some perfectly calm and self-possessed way, she made it impossible for her husband or children to live in the house. Parsons, the handyman, who knew her for over thirty years, said she had no human failings. She lived by her principles, principles that sustained her in complete self-assurance no matter how incomprehensible they were to everyone else. Her daughter Katherine had the feeling that her mother lived in a kind of phone booth, cut off from her family by the glass door, and only through the phone did she keep in touch with them. But the Judge must have understood. If he hated to come home, if he had to sneak off somewhere to smoke a cigar or eat banana candy, or think or feel or live like a man at all,

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still in some fundamental way he had not failed his wife.

Someone recently commented that a 3-D movie he'd seen was so realistic that he was talking to a girl in the theater for five minutes before he found out she was in the picture. The people in *The Deep Sleep* are easily that vivid, and what is more, they are thoroughly enjoyable: Webb with his wry humor and impudence and literate observations; the Judge's mother who was left to iron the same shirt over and over in the cellar, but who never relinquished her independence or her derogatory judgment of the whole family; Mrs. Porter, autocratic and remote. Mr. Morris writes with a remarkable economy of detail that only rarely becomes too cryptic, and a sure feeling for conversation and the telling image. He has a sense of humor, too, and the light-handed quality of the story makes it very winning. Without any trace of heavy breathing, he has created a houseful of interesting people and succeeded in sketching in the pattern of their lives.

Act of Violence

THE CUT OF THE AX. By Delmar Jackson. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.50

By ALBIN J. KREBS

A MORE thoroughly disagreeable set of characters than those that populate Delmar Jackson's *The Cut of the Ax*, has not been seen—perhaps fortunately—in recent literature. Despite the fact that Mr. Jackson deals exhaustively with rape-murderers, bootleggers, conniving politicians, sadists, insatiates, and lynchers, he is able to develop these stock characters (for this type of novel) into shockingly believable *dramatis personae*. Reading his novel, you get a distinctly unpleasant taste in the mouth, for there is about these people the bitter flavor of truth.

Ordinarily it is in a Southern town that a rape-murder takes place, but the unnamed town of which Mr. Jackson writes so perceptively is in a middle-western or western state.

Of two men unjustly accused of the crime, one is a Mexican boy, an itinerant harvest worker, and the other a drifter who happens to be around. The situation is a familiar one in fiction, and tragically enough, there is little really novel, either, about a town suffering justly from a guilt complex, or law enforcement officers guilty of unspeakably gross crimes against humanity, or the horrors of mob violence, or of what happens when all these elements are ignited by a single act of passion into the fires of violence that sear and destroy the innocent and the guilty.

Few of the inhabitants of Mr. Jackson's nasty little town are admirable. There are sparks of decency in a couple of them, but the sparks are apparently encased in asbestos three feet thick. The tippling Doctor Blake alone carries the burden of individual decency; he is sickened by the utter lack of concern with which his fellow townsmen view the approaching lynching, but he does little more than philosophize about moral responsibility. Everyone else strikes the familiar attitude of "it's none of my business; the Marshal's paid to enforce the law," and it happens that the Marshal and his deputy, Paul Carr, the protagonist of the novel, are engaged in bootlegging, with law enforcement strictly a sideline. When the Marshal sees a chance to beat a quick confession out of the innocent men, and thus stand a good chance of becoming sheriff, he holds the prisoners incommunicado, setting the stage for the night's violence.

There are some minor points of style and characterization in this novel that are aggravating, such as Mr. Jackson's penchant for placing dialogue without punctuation in running paragraphs, and his stereotyped newspaper editor—a man who keeps his pencil behind his ear, carries a scratch pad, warns darkly against mistreatment of the free press, and gesticulates nervously with alarming regularity. But what is important is that Mr. Jackson has written a good and readable book, and through the doctor has something important to say: "This

is not just a blemish on the face of justice to be erased, painlessly removed; it wounds like the cut of an ax: once the blade bites in, the mark is eternal, the scar remains" The author's knack for developing a familiar idea with genuine talent, with incisiveness, with understanding and compassion, makes his book more than a routine first novel. In its own way, it is an important novel, for it deals eloquently with the nature of evil and faces head-on the problem of social responsibility.

SAINT PHILOMENA. By Sister Marie Helene Mohr. Bruce. \$2.50.

In May, 1802, excavators at work in the ancient Roman catacomb of Priscilla came upon a well-preserved shelf tomb, sealed in a tufa pit with three terra cotta tiles. In a marble coffin, sealed in a wall niche and covered by three marble slabs, was the skeleton of a girl, about thirteen, with unbroken bones, but a crushed skull. On the slabs were carved the words *Lumen Pax Tibi Fi*. Rearranged, these words made *Pax Tibi Filumena*.

The legend of St. Philomena, Virgin and Martyr, thus grew, from her child's bones, and from the vial of blood buried with her—a sure sign of martyrdom. She is a most powerful intercessor, as the sainted Curé of Ars proved to the world's great satisfaction, and her cult increases continually, as much on this continent as on the others. Sister Marie Helene Mohr's account of the discovery of St. Philomena's body, of her miracles, her canonization, and her many churches, is lively, and should be of interest not only to Catholics, but to all.

A.F.

REVIEWERS

John A. Lukacs teaches at Chestnut Hill College and at LaSalle College.

Alan Devoe is author of a number of nature books, most recently (with Mary Berry Devoe) *Our Animal Neighbors*.

Carol H. Weiss reviews regularly for this magazine.

Albin J. Krebs is a First Lieutenant in the Air Force, now on duty in the Far East.

DOM VIRGIL MICHEL

Between 1930 and his death in 1938, the eminent Benedictine liturgist and writer, Dom Virgil Michel, contributed seven articles to this magazine (in addition to letters and reviews). Among the subjects on which he wrote were the place of the laity in the Church, social justice, capital and labor, and agriculture. His chief concern was the interrelationship of the liturgy of the Church with the interior life and social action of its members.

When Virgil Michel, founder of the magazine "Orate Fratres" (now "Worship"), died in 1938, Leo R. Ward and Emerson Hynes wrote of him: "What Virgil Michel said in effect was this. Bourgeois virtue will never conquer either the kingdom of God or the really valuable inner kingdom of man. Not by bourgeois excellence is man excellent as man: not by mileage, not by numbers, not by machines, not by pleasures, but by an inner command and discipline."

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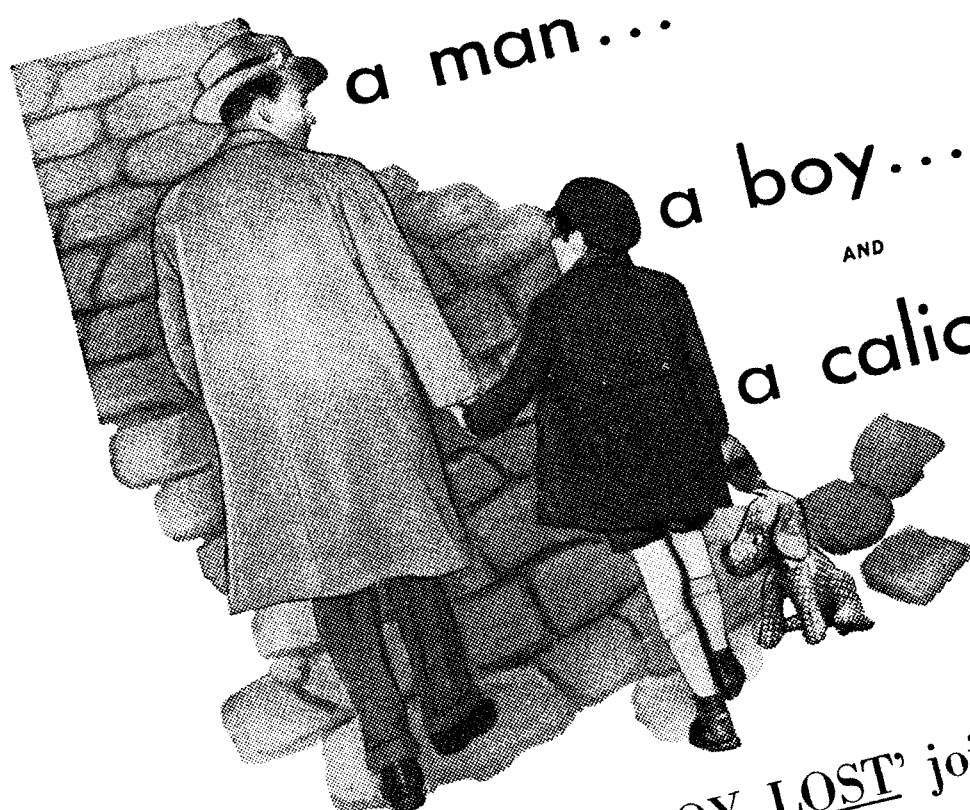
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